

**The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University**  
**Ohio State Engineer**

**Title:** Cranks and Countershafts

**Issue Date:** Nov-1931

**Publisher:** Ohio State University, College of Engineering

**Citation:** Ohio State Engineer, vol. 15, no. 2 (November, 1931), 18.

**URI:** <http://hdl.handle.net/1811/34859>

**Appears in Collections:** [Ohio State Engineer: Volume 15, no. 2 \(November, 1931\)](#)

# CRANKS AND COUNTERSHAFTS

Active D.K.A.: "What is the name of the man we just pledged?"

Nother D.K.A.: "Gallen."

A.D.K.A.: "His name, Feller, not his capacity."

—*Lafayette Lyre.*

\* \* \* \*

"I'm a helluva good fighter, but my feet don't like to stand around and see my body abused!"

—*U.C.L.A. Claw.*

\* \* \* \*

Delta Sig Phi: "Do you think you can learn to love me?"

Phi Mu: "I can, sweetheart, but the tuition's going to be high."

—*Boston Beanpot.*

\* \* \* \*

"He was a failure as an architect, so he went on the stage."

"Is he drawing any better houses now?"

—*Louisville Journal.*

\* \* \* \*

"What are you doing now?"

"I'm working with a circus with a new act; the friendship of a lion and a goat."

"But don't they ever quarrel?"

"Oh, yes, they have their little troubles, but after they're over I just buy a new goat."

—*Detroit News.*

\* \* \* \*

Mental Specialist: "And that habit of talking to yourself—there's nothing to worry about in that."

Patient: "Perhaps not; but I'm such a D—n bore."

—*Punch.*

\* \* \* \*

He was a bit shy, and after she had thrown her arms around him and kissed him for bringing her a bouquet of flowers, he arose and started to leave.

"I'm sorry if I've offended you," she said.

"Oh, I'm not offended," he replied, "I'm going after more flowers."

—*Capper's Weekly.*

\* \* \* \*

Bill (to seasick friend leaning over the rail): "What's the matter? Weak stomach?"

Sick friend (indignantly): "What makes you think I've got a weak stomach? Ain't I throwing it as far as anybody?"

\* \* \* \*

We would like to remind our lecturers that the longer the spoke the greater the tire.

—*Penn Punch Bowl.*

\* \* \* \*

In Spain they call bull throwers Señors; here they call them Senators.

—*Penn Punch Bowl.*

Pity now poor Mary Ames,  
Blinded by her brother James;  
Red-hot nails in her eyes he poked—  
I never saw Mary more provoked.

\* \* \* \*

A farmer with a summer boarder was driving to town. The horse stopped so frequently that the boarder asked:

"What ails your horse that he stops so often? Is he balky?"

"No," replied the farmer, "he's all right. It's simply that he's so darned afraid somebody will say 'Whoa,' and he won't hear it, that he stops to listen."

\* \* \* \*

Algernon Jones ate Paris Green,  
And died all over the carpet clean.  
The loss of the rug piqued Algie's father,  
Who remarked, "He always was a bother."

\* \* \* \*

Two young boys were discussing their Sunday School problems.

"Jim," said one, "do you believe in the devil?"

"No," answered Jim, "there ain't no devil. It's the same as Santa Claus; it's your father."

\* \* \* \*

Ermintrude Hopkins broke her spine,  
And passed away at half-past nine.  
Her mother was sorry, and said, "What a pity,  
I'm already late for my train to the city."

\* \* \* \*

Doctor (softly and sadly to aged patient): "I am very sorry but it would be wrong to keep it from you any longer. You are a very, very sick man. Is there anyone you would wish to see?"

Patient (scarcely audible whisper): "Yes, another doctor."

\* \* \* \*

He paced nervously up and down the corridor. He wrung his hands in agony.

At last the doctor appeared and said, "It's a girl."

"Thank God, thank God," the man said, with tears streaming down his face.

"Why do you say that?" asked the doctor.

"Because," said he, "my daughter will never have to go through with the agony I've just been through."

\* \* \* \*

Little Willie, in the best of rashes,  
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes.  
By and by the room grew chilly,  
But no one liked to poke up Willie.

\* \* \* \*

"My good man, does this dog possess a family tree?"  
"Oh, no, madam—he has no particular tree."

—*N. Y. Medley.*